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At the Piano

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AT THE PIANO

Grandma wanted to see me dance
so I plunked down on the wooden bench,
my legs like willow wisps
waving back and forth.
Her blank eyes stared past me,
as small, slender fingers
like ballerina legs,
tip-toed on yellowing keys.
Gradually rope-black pigtales
whipped round and around,
following fingers
flying into tap dances,
never resting the staccato beats
until reaching the waltzing page,
where my hands glided
into a 1-2-3 shuffle.
Grandma hummed and swayed,
knowing every note on the page.
A wide smile dimpled her face
as she hugged me, arms warm and strong.
Even in her darkness,
she could see me dance.

Teresa Wen